

CONFESSIONS OF A WIFE

MALCOLM STUART WRITES MARGIE HE WILL VISIT HER AT ATLANTIC CITY

I have had three visitors today, little book—Jim Edie, Mollie and a letter from Malcom Stuart. I am going to tell you about Malcom Stuart's letter first, because it came first.

To tell the truth, little book, I was glad to get away from the yacht, which had been the home of Malcom Stuart for years. The experience was rather disquieting. I never stopped at the rail without thinking that it was perhaps here that Malcolm stood that night when he threw the little jade god of dreams far out into the moon path that flared across the sea.

I never sat in an easy chair or swung idly in a hammock that I did not wonder what he was thinking about on the long summer days when he was perhaps doing the same thing. Strange that a man will like to live alone, "for from the madding crowd," as does Malcolm Stuart. He is such a creature of imagination, however, that I think he might find the realities of life very sordid and trying.

Here is his letter, little book:

"My heart almost stopped beating this morning, dear little lady Salvia, when I was told of the near tragedy that occurred on the yacht the other day. I did not hear how near Mr. Waverly and Toddy came to losing their lives until yesterday.

"I cannot blame Eliene for wishing to get away from the old boat as soon as possible, but I confess I had hoped you would stay there until you had fully recovered.

"By the way, my dear friend, Dr. V., says that you need only get back the hold on your nerves to be perfectly well and happy. I need not say I hope you will be so very soon. I know what sick nerves mean—every horror that the most vivid imagination can picture as a torment for the damned.

"I was panic-stricken when, after much questioning, my dear, old doc-

tor friend reluctantly told me that the state of your nerves was not satisfactory to him and that he had sent you to Atlantic City and told you to stay there until you had become toned up.

"I confess I did not really see the why and wherefore of Atlantic City in August, with the crowds of people jostling each other on the boardwalk, and I told him so. He said that was just the reason, he had sent you there.

"All her life," he said, "Mrs. Waverly has spent too much time alone or with chosen friends who think the same as she does. She has never been out of her own class. I hope she will see something new in the democratic horde that comes to America's playground. When she wants quiet and can find it and when she longs for the hum of conversation, the blare of ragtime music or any foolishness you Americans call entertainment, she has only to go into the hotel corridors or on the boardwalk and piers."

"I myself would never look upon Atlantic City as a place to convalesce, but if I were ill and Dr. V. should ask me to go to the inner crater of Vesuvius to recover I should do it. So there you are and here I am back on the yacht.

"And now, just here at the end, Margie, I am going to say something for which all that has gone before is but a meaningless preamble. I am coming to see you before you leave Atlantic City if you will let me. Whether you will or not, I am always, yours sincerely,—M. S."

(To Be Continued)

OLDE STUFF

"I am a friend of the working people. If I am elected, I will devote all my time and energy to the interests of the workingman," etc.